Medus

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Medus

by DarklingDarling

Summary

Will has a *secret*... and Hannibal has no qualms about using that to his advantage.

Notes

Hello! ✨

This is my little entry for Nonconathon 2021, my first ever fic exchange!

I hope you like your gift, LadySnowblood ♥

See the end of the work for more notes

“You’re *late*, Will.”

Jack sighed, dark eyes roaming over the beta’s form, taking in his unkempt attire— a pair of old worn jeans and a shirt that sat two sizes too big over his slender frame.

He looked like he had just rolled out of bed.

“I need coffee.”

Was Will’s only rebuttal, wincing a little as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

“Now?”

Jack asked, his attention divided as he watched Hannibal’s car roll up, parking just over to the left from the marked crime scene tape, next to an unmarked police car.

“After.”

Will grunted, his mind already lost as he gazed over the vision in front of them; a pile of naked bodies stacked neatly on top of each other, painted entirely in their collective blood.

“Is it some kind of composition? Does the guy fancy himself an artist or something?”

Jack asked, motioning for one of the wandering beat-cops to bring him the tray of coffees leftover from the morning run. Will blinked, his eyes half glazed as he stepped closer to the scene, hands dropping to his sides. He sucked in a shallow breath.

“Alright, I get it, do your thing, Will.”

Jack muttered, turning to greet Hannibal as the young cop from before scurried over to them with a tray full of cooled takeaway coffees.

“Need a pick-me-up?”

Jack asked Hannibal, grabbing the tray and dismissing the kid with a quick nod before he offered one to him.

“No, thank you. Remind me to invite you over sometime for a fresh press. You’ll never go back.”

Hannibal murmured, eyes flicking to Will as the corner of his lips twitched into something that resembled a smile.

“Mm, then maybe I should politely decline. I’ve built up a tolerance to this stuff over the years, I can’t afford to lose it now.”

Jack said with a smirk, taking a swig of his coffee to punctuate the statement before he led them over to the shade of a nearby willow tree.

“How is Will?”

Jack finally asked, hiding any trepidation with another swift gulp.

“Are you asking my opinion as his friend, Jack… or as his *therapist*?”

Hannibal asked, giving the other alpha a sharp look before he flicked his gaze back over to Will; who was now slowly drifting his way around the scene, as if captured in a trance.

When Jack didn’t answer, Hannibal sighed and pulled his gaze away from the beta once more, hiding away his irritation behind a mask of quiet disapproval.

“You already know that my sessions with Will are confidential, Jack.”

The alpha’s lips twitched.

“I need to know if he is still capable of doing this, Hannibal, I need to know that he’s not just going to *break*.”

Hannibal turned his face towards the breeze, letting the wind flicker through his hair before he finally answered, the scent of pine and blood in the air.

“It’s simple physics, Jack, if you apply enough pressure, anything will break.”

The two fell into an uneasy silence after that and before long, Will was making his way over to them, flicking a glance towards Hannibal only to settle his eyes on Jack.

“A woman.”

Will murmured, his head bowed forward unsteadily under the heavy weight of two sets of eyes.

“What?”

Jack asked, glancing from Will to Hannibal, frowning a little when he saw the way the beta was hunched over, face pale under the shadow of the looming tree.

“The killer is a woman. You should look for someone between the ages of forty-five and sixty— someone recently divorced, or widowed. Check the blood, too, that will be hers.”

Jack’s eyebrows knitted together as he took that in, his gaze straying to the tower of bloodless corpses. *Painted red.*

“The blood is *hers*? How? Each victim has been drained entirely— you’re saying none of it is theirs?”

“No.”

Came the quick reply, the word coiled in a thread of agitation.

“Then where is their blood, Will?”

Jack asked, his voice rising when the beta continued to stare at the ground.

“She’s bathing in it.”

He murmured, fingers entwining together in front of his belly.

“She is channelling Elizabeth Báthory?”

Hannibal finally chimed in, his fingers gently settling on Will’s shoulder to halt his fidgeting.

“Who?”

Jack asked, looking between the two of them for an answer they both seemed to hold. Hannibal obliged.

“A Hungarian Countess with a penchant for butchering young girls— a very prolific murderess of her time. There were whispers that in order to keep her youth… she would bath in the blood of virgins.”

Jack scrunched up his face and looked to Will.

“You’re telling me this woman is killing people… because of some kind of a *midlife-crisis*?”

Jack asked, a note of disbelief catching in his voice. Will huffed, but answered the question anyway.

“If you want to put it like that, sure.”

“So, she’s draining their blood for her bathing needs, *ok*… but why is she leaving her own blood? Why paint it over them like that? Some kind of offering, or a trade? Is it ritualistic?”

Will took a beat this time to answer, chewing his bottom lip before he finally looked up at Jack, dark circles shadowing under his eyes.

He looked *tired*.

“It’s not an offering… but maybe you could call it a trade? Though, it’s not a very fair one. The blood— *her* blood… it’s a desecration. In her mind, painting them in it is like a transference of their lives for her own.”

Will breathed, a shaky hand running through his hair before he continued.

“It’s spite, Jack. She’s punishing them for having what she doesn’t… not only does she steal their youth, but she *mocks* them for it losing it to her.”

“Alright, we’ll check the blood now. If you’re right then we might be able to run it through the system and see if it matches anything on our database. Maybe we’ll get lucky.”

Jack said with a shrug, his eyes once more running down Will’s form.

“You want that coffee, now?”

He asked, not liking the way Will swayed softly on the spot, his fingers still twisting together as he shivered under the coming breeze.

Hannibal answered before Will could, raising his hand in the air to stop Jack from handing him a cup.

“No caffeine for Will, it seems to have an adverse effect on his anxiety.”

Jack nodded in understanding and put the coffee back before he dropped a hand on Will’s shoulder, making him flinch.

“I think maybe you should go home and get some rest, Will, you don’t look well. We’ve got it from here anyway, I’ll get them to run the blood and I’ll keep you updated. Just call me if you get something else, alright?”

Will looked reluctant but nodded anyway, glancing between the two alphas before his eyes shifted to the tray of coffees in Jack’s hands.

“Could you give him a ride, Hannibal, I don’t like the idea of him going home on his own.”

Jack asked, satisfied when Hannibal nodded and patted Will gently on the back.

“Of course.”

Jack watched the two head off after that, frowning a little when he watched Will stumble and reach out for Hannibal to steady him. The older alpha did, his arms circling the young beta’s waist to help him walk as they made their way to his car.

Jack made a mental note to check on Will later, then walked over to his team to relay the message, his mind once more turning to the case and away from the beta he knew he had left in good hands.

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“I just need to feed the dogs, then I can put them away.”

Will mumbled quietly, turning away from Hannibal before he could answer and leaving to tend to the animals. Hannibal waited patiently, settling himself on Will’s couch and checking his watch.

It was a good twenty minutes before Will finally made his way over to Hannibal, the dogs now out of the way and the house somehow quiet for the first time since they had arrived.

“It’s interesting that you choose to put this off for so long, Will, I thought you would want it over and done with.”

Hannibal mused, motioning for Will to get on his knees in front of him, a small smile creeping across his lips when the younger man complied, face twisting a little as he bent down.

Hannibal leaned forward, his hand reaching out and fingers gently carding through his soft curls.

“Was it difficult, Will? I’m impressed you were even able to show up today.”

Hannibal asked, trailing his fingers down to Will’s chin and tilting it up so that their eyes met. Will was sweating, each breath coming a little shorter, fingers clenching into fists as he held Hannibal’s gaze.

“I didn’t exactly have a choice.”

Will muttered, letting out a soft groan when Hannibal pulled him forward by his shirt collar so that they were face to face, each breathing the same air.

“There’s always a choice, Will.”

“How is this a choice? Perhaps you’ve forgotten, Hannibal, but you are *threatening* me to do this.”

Will growled, his teeth clenching when Hannibal brushed a thumb over his bottom lip and smiled.

“I gave you a choice, Will, to either have these sessions with me in exchange for my silence… or to tell Jack yourself that his wonderful beta profiler, Will Graham… is actually an *omega*.”

Hannibal pushed his thumb past Will’s lips, the thick digit slowly sinking into his mouth and sliding over his wet tongue. He just held it there, that same quirk of a smile on his lips that Will had come to despise.

“Do you want me to take it out?”

Hannibal asked, raising an eyebrow when Will glowered at him before he finally nodded, just a quick flick of his head.

“Which one?”

Hannibal asked with a growing smirk, his cock twitching at the way Will’s cheeks flushed scarlet and his eyes cast down.

“Alright,”

Hannibal started, pulling out his thumb and bringing it to his mouth before he locked eyes with Will and wiped it over his own lips.

“You can turn around now.”

Will begrudgingly followed the command, letting out a hiss when Hannibal helped manoeuvre him, his large hands running down Will’s back and pushing his chest down to the plush carpet so that his ass was angled high for the alpha to see.

“I have to say, Will, I quite enjoyed watching you hobble around this morning...”

He murmured, fingers travelling down the expanse of Will’s ass before he hooked his fingers into the band of his jeans and pulled them down, his underwear next.

Will sucked in a shuddering breath when Hannibal’s gentle fingers pried his cheeks apart and grazed the plug still buried deep in his ass.

“You could still feel *her*, couldn’t you? Feel the killer?… even with this inside you. I was very impressed, Will.”

Hannibal’s fingers moved again, ever so often bumping the plug and taking Will’s breath away.

“Why are you so adamant about hiding yourself away like this? Can you really not live as you truly are? There is no shame in being omega, Will.”

The softness of Hannibal’s tone made Will bristle, and he had to let out a short breath before he replied.

“There is no *freedom*, either. If people find out what I am, I will never get a second alone to myself again. I doubt the department would approve of an unmated omega working for the FBI and living alone in the middle of nowhere.”

Hannibal just hummed in answer, moving his hand down Will’s back and sliding his shirt up until it bunched at his neck, revealing the expanse of his lithe frame.

The alpha moved over him, pressing soft kisses up his spine and across each tense shoulder.

“Would it really be so bad to be bonded, Will?”

Hannibal asked, making the omega yelp when he let his teeth graze across the nape of his neck.

“Y-Yes, I don’t, I don’t want *that*.”

Will huffed out, squeezing his eyes shut when Hannibal started to tease the plug again, this time twisting it slowly inside of him before tapping it with the tip of his finger.

“Really? But you take my knot so well.”

Will barely had any time to prepare himself before the plug was yanked out of him, stretching him so suddenly and so cruelly it left him winded.

“Bastard.”

Will moaned, sucking in a gasping breath as his twitching hole clenched around nothing, feeling mournfully *empty* for the first time since last night… and that just made him want to die.

“Language, Will.”

Hannibal chided, resting a possessive hand on the small of his back as Will caught his breath. Hannibal gave him a few more minutes before he finally moved forward and wrapped his arms around his narrow waist, pulling them both up so that he could sit back down on the couch with Will now on his lap.

Will struggled for only a moment before his body finally went lax, letting Hannibal lean him back against his chest, searching fingers finding Will’s swelling cock.

“I’ve barely touched and you’re already dripping.”

Hannibal breathed, butterflying more kisses down the side of his neck, causing him to moan into the touch.

“Not to mention *here*…”

Hannibal grinned, hot breath in Will’s ear as one hand curled around and nudged at his clenching entrance, gently circling his stretched rim before breaching him with the tip of a finger

“I’ve never tasted anything sweeter than your slick. *Medus.*”

The words came out as a low growl, the alpha’s chest rumbling as he spoke, vibrations moving through Will’s flesh and setting every cell alight.

One of Hannibal’s hands moved up, starting from his cock, teasing the leaking head until Will whimpered pathetically and unconsciously thrust his hips forward— only *then* did Hannibal let it go, tracing those maddening fingers slowly up Will’s belly and across his chest, stopping at the chain connecting both nipple clamps.

Will lurched forward, something between a gasp and a sob wrenching from his throat when Hannibal tugged firmly at the chain, causing the biting clamps to pull relentlessly at his burning nipples.

”Wearing such an oversized shirt, Will... do you think Jack noticed that you were hiding something?”

Hannibal’s other hand came up, his fingers flicking both clamps, earning another cry from the helpless omega held captive on his lap.

”Brace yourself, *mylimasis*.”

Hannibal murmured in his ear, his tongue grazing the lobe before he swiftly unclipped the clamps and dropped them and the connecting chain on the floor.

It took a moment before Will felt it, felt the blood that was rushing back into his sore nipples and bringing with it a blazing pain so sudden and so intense that he was arching back against Hannibal’s chest, a strangled cry falling from his lips.

”Hannibal—“

Will sobbed, an accusation, a *plea*.

Hannibal was whispering softly in his ear, words Will couldn’t understand guiding him through the pain. The alpha’s hands were on him, suddenly so soft, lips grazing down his neck in a gentle line of heated kisses.

”You did so well, Will, so *good*.”

Will shuddered at the words, trying to shrug off the tender touches but only managing to make Hannibal hum under his breath in warning.

“Turn around, I want to see your face when you come.”

Will’s body felt boneless, his skin contrastingly hot to the cold chill he felt growing in the pit of his stomach. It was like everywhere Hannibal touched burned, his flesh ablaze in a fire of unwanted desire. Ice and fire.

He *hated* this. He loved this. And he hated that he loved it.

Despite his words, Hannibal was the one to turn him, strong arms easily lifting him up and manoeuvring him so that they were face to face again. Will couldn’t even collect his thoughts before Hannibal’s mouth was on him, tongue claiming him in a searing kiss that made his toes curl and his stomach twist.

“I don’t like it when *he* touches you. I don’t like his scent on your skin.”

Hannibal growled, his hands already on Will’s ass, kneading his flesh and pulling him open.

“I’m *not* yours.”

Will managed to spit out before a harsh moan ripped from his throat when Hannibal pulled out his thick length and lined himself up, the head nudging at his entrance and leaving him completely and crushingly breathless.

“Right now, you are.”

Hannibal hissed, claiming Will’s lips again and swallowing his screams as he dropped him down and impaled him on his cock.

Will's body spasmed, his hole desperately clenching around the intrusion as he sobbed into Hannibal's mouth, before he was pulled up again only to be dropped back down.

Will buried his face into Hannibal's neck and held on for dear life as he was fucked, his cries muffled against the alpha's skin with each heavy thrust.

Hannibal snapped his hips up as Will was brought down, cultivating in a chorus of moans and grunts, their bodies somehow moving in sync, the fire burning between them wild and untamed.

"Still so *tight*."

Hannibal grunted, his hands roaming over Will's back and pressing him impossibly closer, his body shuddering at the feel of the omega against him, moving with him, slender arms wrapped tight around his neck.

The alpha let out a growl as he held Will close to his chest and stood up, only to walk a few paces to the closest wall and push him roughly against it.

"What are you— *agh*!"

At this new angle, Hannibal could thrust deep, reaching that place inside of Will that made him scream out in ecstasy— and he *did*, wailing into Hannibal's neck as he was fucked hard and fast up against the wall, knowing that the only thing keeping him from falling down was the arms of the thrusting alpha that held him… and the cock shoved deep in his ass.

In that moment, all he felt was *Hannibal*... and the cacophony of pleasure-pain he brought with him that made everything else melt away into nothingness.

Into *everything*.

Hannibal sped up, his own breath melding with Will's as his knot started to form, stretching the omega impossibly wide as it started to catch,

"Hannibal, *please*…"

Will begged softly, whimpering into his neck, gasping at the way the alpha angled his hips again to hit that spot inside of him that finally turned his body into a boneless heap of muscle and flesh.

His orgasm built too fast, too blinding, and all too soon he was shuddering into Hannibal's arms, his body convulsing viciously as he screamed.

That was Hannibal's own undoing, feeling his omega clamping down on his knot, milking him for every last drop as Will cried out his climax.

Their voices both rang out together as they came undone. A chorus to their joining.

Hannibal managed to walk them both to Will's bedroom before his legs finally collapsed, his body enveloping Will's small frame entirely on the tiny bed, suffocating him deliciously

under his heavy weight. Will swallowed a rising moan.

He felt safe.

He felt *sick*.

When he finally caught his breath, he angled his hips up so that Hannibal's knot could sink deeper, no longer stretching the tight ring of muscles forced to hold him before. Hannibal let out a pleased growl, moving his weight so that they were both on their sides, Will's leg slung over his hip and Hannibal's arms wrapped securely around his middle.

It shouldn't have felt comfortable… but it *did*.

"How long are we going to keep doing this, Hannibal?"

Will asked when he finally caught his breath, wincing at the way his voice wavered. He shivered as the alpha slowly stroked his fingers up and down his sweaty back, placating him... *distracting* him.

It shouldn't have felt so nice.

"For however long it takes."

Hannibal replied simply, a strange note in his voice that Will for the life of him could not distinguish.

"However long *what* takes?"

Will asked in exasperation, only to gasp when he felt the alpha shift, knot tugging at his entrance and sending a jolt of something he would rather not name up his spine.

"Hannibal?"

He never got his answer, and all too soon Hannibal was pressing hot kisses up his neck, his fingers moving down to wind around Will's spent cock.

Will's next orgasm was swift, racing through his system and leaving him breathless and haplessly tired as Hannibal stroked him lazily to completion. He couldn't even form the words to ask what he was trying to before.

The last of his energy was entirely *sapped*.

So... he just laid there, in Hannibal's arms, trying not to moan at the feel of those fingers slowly tracing circles across his skin, of those lips softly searing over his flesh…

He tried not to think of it at all, and eventually he didn't.

Instead, he curled up in the alpha's arms as his breath began to slow and his eyes started to flutter to a close...

Until, eventually, he drifted off to the sound of Hannibal's heartbeat against his ear.

He felt safe.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Please feel free to comment your thoughts, I read and reply to them all ♥

My other Hannigram's:
Defective
Pretty in Porcelain
_____

•Other omegaverse fics•

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!